

**HILLSIDE STONEY ASH**  
(Rohan Elessar x Royalton Muffinette)  
April 5, 1986 - September 9, 2010  
By Nancy Wolfe

Where to begin? How does one put into words the, 24 ¾ years life of a horse? I've known this animal for all of that time; he was separated from us for five months only. I guess to begin where it all started is best. He was born on April 5<sup>th</sup>, 1986, to **Royalton Muffinette** (Royalton Ebenezer x Alert's Miss Muffet) around noon on a Saturday. Dale and I were both at work. He was there, in the stall, when Dale got home from work. He called me around 1:00 p.m. to tell me Muffy had foaled a black, mousy colored colt. And his words to me were, "Boy is he ugly."

How can this be, I thought? We bred the two best looking Lippitt Morgans you could find to each other. He can't be ugly. Well, he was dead wrong on that one. To me, he was the most Beautiful Colt I had ever laid eyes on. And so began his journey at Hillside Acres. And a wonderful trek it would be.

For all the right reasons, he was never for sale when someone wanted him, and no one wanted him when he was for sale. It was meant to be. He was ours for life. And as I write this I feel he was shorted. I know his life was cut short. He should have been sway backed and VERY OLD before we lost him. But, it wasn't meant to be.

Stoney bred several mares his second year here, and we literally had to teach him to breed. He sure wasn't in any hurry to get the job done any time soon. But, soon it became a favorite time for him. He learned quickly when the stud bridle came out, what we were headed to do.

I can think of two sons of his that will pass on the line. **C.W. Silver Ashes (1/2)**, out of HyCrest Satina and **Starshine Epsilon Aurigae**, out of **Garnet Ashbrook**. Silver Ashes stands in Tennessee and Orin is in New York. These two horses are what every breeder looks forward to when they stand a good stud like Stoney was.



**Stoney,  
Nancy,  
and  
Pooh Bear.**



**Hillside Stoney Ash at 16.**

He was never a star in the show ring; that wasn't something he liked to do. Oh we tried, but it wasn't meant to be. He won't be known for his wonderful sweet disposition, because unless you visited here or bred your mare, you never met him. He didn't do a lot of traveling, except for his trip to New York where he stood at stud on the Amberfields Morgan Farm for one breeding season in the year of 2004. He covered eight mares while there, and some produced the best, in my book. Thanks to Judy Hinman he lives on in his offspring from that year. He never bred another mare once he came home from her farm.

We started his cart / harness training when he was a year and a half. He was so easy to work with and learned quickly. I loved driving him. And he loved to trot, so it went both ways. But soon, as always, I decided to break him to saddle. I did it all by myself. He was basically a one woman horse sort of speak. He was again so easy to train. He never gave me problems. I took him on trail rides, used him as my Posse Mount horse for search and rescue, rounding up cattle, parades and patrolling the yearly fair. He loved his outings. He was always a gentle man. I never had to worry about not being able to control him. He was always on his best behavior. I looked forward to people seeing him in public, and asking me what breed of horse he was. My reply was, of course a MORGAN. And they already knew it before asking me. The reply was always the same, "I thought so. He looks just like one." And then there were always the folks who came up and said, Is this a Morgan? They knew. There was no doubt. He was magnificent and showed it. He was built correct and proper, and I loved him.

There is so much I remember well about him, and words just don't tell the story of his life the way it should be told. I always looked forward to having him around to a ripe old age. But for some reason it wasn't meant to be. He became sick in the winter of 2009, and antibiotics would not touch what the problem was. He never seemed to be in pain. So we just were careful to watch him and make sure he was comfortable. He started to fade as months went by, and we fed him every tempting thing we could find, from fresh grass to hand pulled clover. His eating became less and less. He had a hard time swallowing. I hated to see him losing his body mass. And finally it became clear we had to let him go.

So on September 9<sup>th</sup>, he and I took our last walk together.

He runs free now, back to his full body, healthy self, NEVER to be forgotten, NEVER to be replaced. He lives on in his offspring. And who knows? Some day, maybe one of his offspring will stand in his stall once more. Life holds all sorts of unknown corners to come around.